



THE PASSION OF DIDO FOR ÆNEAS.

AS IT IS
Incomparably expreſt in the
Fourth Book of *Virgil.*

TRANSLATED
By { *Edmund Waller* & *Sidney Godolphin.* } Eſqrs.

——— *Ubi quid datur otî*
Illudo chartis : hoc eſt mediocribus illis
Ex vitiis unum ——— Horat. l. Sat. 4ª.

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The Argument.

DIdo *was eſpous'd a virgin to* Sichæus, *and both liv'd happy in their mutuall love, untill her brother* Pigmalion, *who was then King of* Tyre, *the place of their abode, by ſome cloſe treachery ſlew* Sichæus *in hopes to poſſeſſe his great wealth, and to diſpoſe of his Wife; All which, her huſ-*

husbands ghost appearing in her sleep, discovered; telling her also where hee had hid a considerable treasure, of which Pigmalion *knew not. This she took, and, in the company of such friends she could best trust, and most hated the Tyrant; fled from thence to seeke her fortune in some safer place,*

The Argument.

place. At length arriving on the ſhore of Lybia, *partly for mony, partly by the favour of ſome neighbour-Princes, affected with her beauty, and the hope to obtaine her in marriage, ſhee got poſſeſſion of that ground where the famous Citty of* Carthage *was afterwards built; whoſe foundation ſhe had not only*

only laid, but made ſome good progreſſe in the ſtructure; when the wandring Trojan Æneas *was by Tempeſt Shipwrackt on ſome part of her dominion. His great Fame, good mine, and well relating of his ſtory, prevailed ſo with her that ſhee not only repair'd his Ships, and feaſted him*

and

The Argument.

and his Company with great magnificence; but let him so far into her affection, That she esteemed him, (at least did not doubt but to make him) her husband. When his necessary pursuit of other designes occasioned his sudden Departure, and her Tragedy.

This fourth book describing only

The Argument.

ly hir paſſion, deep ſenſe of his ingratitude, and hir death, has been alwayes esteemed the beſt piece of the beſt of Poets; has been tranſlated into all Languages, and in our days at leaſt ten times by ſeverall Pens, into Engliſh. It is freely left to the Reader; which he will preferre.

This

The Argument.

This was done (all but a very little) by that incomparable person as well for virtue as wit, Mr. Sidney Godolphin *only for his own divertion, and with lesse care, then so exact a judgment as his would have used, if he had intended it should have ever been made publick.*

THE

THE PASSION OF DIDO FOR ÆNEAS.

Translated out of the fourth Book Of VIRGIL.

MEan while the Queen fanning a secret fire,
In her own breast revolves her deepe Desire
he oft reflects upon the princely grace
f great *Æneas*, and that noble race
rom whence he springs; her wounded fancy feeds
n his discourse, his high Heroick deeds,

His

The Paſſion of Dido

His words his looks, her waking thoughts imploy,
And when ſhe ſleepes, ſhe ſees him with more joy.
But ſeldome ſleeps: For when the ſhades of night
Had left their Empire to the riſing Light,
Folding her Siſter in her armes, ſhe ſayes,
What unacquainted thoughts, what dreams are the
How great a Gueſt within our walls we hold,
How wiſe in Counſell, and in Armes how bold?
The mortall ſeed of man acknowledge feare
But this brave Prince his equall mind doth beare

Abo

Above all Chance. Did not my changeleſſe vow
And mine owne will engage me to allow
No other Love; my firſt Affection dead
And with the Soul of my Sichæus fled:
Were not all joyes growne taſtleſſe, and the name
Of Love offenſive, ſince I loſt that flame;
I might perhaps indulge this one deſire.
For, *Anna*, I confeſſe ſince funerall fire
Embrac'd *Sichæus*, this firſt beame of Light
Hath offered comfort to ſo dark a night,

The Paſſion of Dido

Unwonted motions in my thoughts retriv'd,
I find and feel the brand of care reviv'd.
But may the earth, while yet alive, devoure
This hapleſſe frame, and Jove his thunder poure
Upon my head, and ſink me to that ſhade
That ſilent deep, whence no returne is made:
Before I doe thoſe ſacred Knots unty,
Which bind me to ſo deare a memory.
He firſt unto my ſoul this ardor gave,
And may he hold it in his quiet grave,

This

This ſaid, ſhe weeps afreſh. Anna replyes,
O Chiefly Lov'd and Dearer then mine eyes,
Sad and alone for ever wil you waſt
Your verdant youth, nor natures bounties taſte
In their due-ſeaſon? think you that the dead
In their cold urns welcome the tears we ſhead?
What though no prayrs have yet had power to move
Your thoughts to entertain a ſecond love;
Yet vvill you now with your own heart conteſt?
Nor give admittance to a pleaſing gueſt?

The Paſſion of Dido

Conſider where this new Plantation lyes,
And amidſt whom theſe walls of Carthage riſe:
Here the Getulians, fierce Numidians there,
On either ſide engage your watchfull fear.
Propitious Heavens, it ſeems, and Juno lead
Theſe Trojans here with ſo deſir'd an aid:
This match will mixe your fortunes and advance
The Tyrian State above all force or chance.
Invoke the powers above, with ſoft delay
Engage the Dardan Prince to longer ſtay:

Till

Till the ſwoln Seas and winds their fury ſpend,
And Calmer Gales his purpoſes attend.
This ſpeech revives the Courage of the Dame
And through her burning veines dilates the flame.
Firſt to the holy temple they repaire
And ſeek indulgence from above by praire:
Law-giving Ceres, Phœbus they invoke,
But above all do Venus Altars ſmoke
Propitious to the bands of Love; the Queen
With her own hands, the Heifer's horns between,

The Passion of Dido

Poures the full bowls, or midſt the ſacrifice
Intentive walkes, as the rich Odours riſe
Freſh gifts ſhe brings, and with a thoughtfull brain
Surveyes the panting Livers of the ſlain;
*B*lind propheſies, Vain Altars, bootleſſe Prayer
How little help they? while ſo neer a care
Preſſes the Queen and mingled with her bloud
Spreads ſecret poyſon through the purple floud.
The Hapleſſe *Dido* is enrag'd by love,
And with uncertain thoughts doth wildly move.

So

So when a Shepheards roving Arrows find
And pierce (to him unknown) ſome careleſs Hind
She flyes through woods and ſeeks the ſtreames op-
(preſt'
The deadly Arrow rankles in her breaſt.
Now to the Walls ſhe leads her Trojan Chief,
And with this food ſhe entertain'd her grief
Shevvs the Sidonian-vvealth, and, as ſhe ſpeaks,
Her ovvn diſcourſe by care diverted breaks;
The evening cloſes vvith another feaſt
And there again ſh'invites the princely Gueſt

The Paſſion of Dido

To tell his dangers paſt, and there again
She drinks together deeper Love and Pain.
But vvhen the Prince(night's darker enſign ſpread,
And ſleepy dew upon all Mortalls ſhed)
Doth bid farewell, ſhe waking there alone
Deſerted mourns that her Dear Gueſt is gone;
Or keeps Aſcanius in her Armes, to prove
If likeneſſe can delude her reſtleſſe Love.
Mean while her ſtately ſtructures ſlowly riſe,
Halfe-finiſht Carthage rude and broken lyes.

That

for Æneas.

That high design, to heaven exalted frame,
Confus'd appears, and like a ruine lame.
Which when survey'd by Juno from above
And that the Queen neglects her fame for love;
Approaching Venus, thus Saturnia sayes:
What ample Trophies, never-dying prayse,
To you and to your Cupid will be paid?
That two such Gods one woman have betray'd.
I know with what designe you us'd this Art
Planting *Æneas* thus in *Dido*'s heart,

Suspecting

The passion of Dido

Suſpecting leaſt theſe walls of Ours might prove
Faithleſſe to him if not ſecur'd by Love.
But ſhall this partiall quarrell never ceaſe?
May we not now fixe on eternall peace?
Fair *Dido* loves and feels your golden Dart;
Give but like ardour to *Æneas* Heart,
And we wil rulē this State with equall power,
And give the Trojan Carthage for a Dower.
Venus replyes (ſeeing the wife of Jove
To croſſe the height of Roman greatneſſe ſtrove

With this deceit), What madneſſe can refuſe
Friendſhip with you where you a friendſhip chuſe?
But whether Jove will favour this deſigne
And the great people in one Empire joyn;
This in your prayers, who are his wife, doth lye.
Juno returns; Impoſe this taske on me,
Or what is now in hand let this ſuffice.
The Trojan Prince with his unhappy prize
The wounded Queen, to chaſe the flying Dear
Soon as the beams of Morning-light appeare

The Paſſion of Dido

Hyes to the Fields; there, on the goodly traine
A darkning ſhower I'le pour of hayl and raine,
Shake heaven with thunder, while the pale troo
Diſperſt with fear and loſt without a guide:
One Cave in her dark boſome ſhall afford
Shelter to *Dido* and the Trojan Lord,
And if, as I, propitious to their love
You ſhine; this ſhall their Hymeneall prove;
All rites ſhall here be done. Venus with ſmiles
Conſents, but laughs within, at Juno's wiles.

The morning come, early at light's first ray
The gallant youth rise with the chearfull day:
Sharp Javelins in their hands, their Coursers by
They walke amidst the hound's impatient Cry:
Neerer the gates the Tyrian Peers attend,
And waite the Queen now ready to descend.
Her prouder Steed as fill'd with high disdain
Stamps the dull Earth, & Chavves the frothy Reine.
Mounted at last, her golden Quiver on
Ty'd up with gold, her Hair which gold-like shone

Her

The Paſsion of Dido

Her purple garment, claſpt with gold, in head
Of her fair troop, the brighter Queen doth lead
With theſe the Trojans, and their great Chief cloſe
As one fair ſtream into another flows.
He like Apollo in his light and heat
When he returnes unto his Native ſeat
Of Delos, and freſh verdure doth reſtore
Forſaking Xanthus and the Lycian ſhore
Thus he on Cynthus tops, his own retreat
Securely walkes, thus welcome and thus great

The Dryopeans and the Cretans by,
So doth his quiver clash ; not lesse then he
Æneas shines, like beauty's in his face
And in his motions like attractive grace.
While thus they climb the pathless hills, the cry
Pursues the fearfull heards which headlong fly
Down to the vales, and on the boundlesse plain
A longer chase in view of all maintain.
But glad Ascanius spurrs his willing horse
Now these, now those, out-passing in the Course.

Hee

He wiſhes ſome incenſed Bore his prey,
Or Lyon from the Hills would Croſs his way.
Mean while the gathering Clouds obſcure (Pole
They flaſh out lightning and in Thunder roule:
A bitter ſtorme ſucceeds, the troops divide
And ore the Hills diſperſt to Coverts ride.
One Cave in her dark boſome doth afford
Shelter to *Dido* and the Trojan Lord.
Heaven ſhines with fire, earth ſhakes at this ſucceſs
The Conſcious air is fill'd with Prodigies.

This was the hour, which gave the fatall blow,
The pregnant ſpring of all ſucceeding woe.
Tender reſpects no more have power to move
The hapleſſe Queen, no more ſhe hides her love,
But doth hir Crime expreſs with Hymens name,
And lives expoſ'd a Theame to various fame.
Fame the moſt ſwift of ills, which in her courſe
And motion ſpreads, and flying gathers force
Sprung from a ſcarce diſcerned ſeed, doth tread
On the Low ground, but lifts to heaven her head,

The Paſſion of Dido

She (as 'tis ſaid) was of that monſtrous birth
The lateſt Siſter, which the teeming earth
Brought forth, to war with heaven it ſelf alone;
Surviviug all her brothers overthrown.
Thouſands of plumes advance her eaſie flight,
As many eyes enlarge her piercing ſight,
As many eares to catch reports, and then
As many tongues to ſpread thoſe tales agen.
The ſilent night cannot the voyce allay
Of this ill boading Dame, in the bright day

She sits upon the Citty walls a spy
And takes delight all fears to multiply:
She now through Lybia's Empire doth diffuse
Talk of *Æneas*, and th'unwelcome news
Of *Dido's* love, that he late fled from Troy
Such envi'd power and greatness doth enjoy.
This the leight Dame proclames in every Ear
And to Iarbas doth the message bear;
Iarbas who had felt fair *Didos* scorne,
Joves Son of ravisht Garamantis born,

Who hallowed had to his great father's name
An hundred altars, which together flame
With ceaſeleſs incenſe to the powers above,
Eternall fires pledges of humble love.
Mad with the news, the Lybian Monarch layes
Proſtrate himſelf before the Throne, and ſayes;
All powerfull Jove, propitious to the Moors
Whom Lybia more then any Land adores
Beholdſt thou this? or doth in vain our fear
Aſcribe juſt vengeance to the Thunderer?

She, who a ſtranger with our leave have gain'd
Poſſeſſion here, from us the power obtain'd
To plant a Town, hath thought her ſelf above
The prize and merit of our Ardent Love;
Yet now with joy receives into our Land
The flying Trojan and his Conquered band,
Reſignes to him her beauty, fame, and power,
Prefers the Phrygian to the ſcorned Moore.
Is this our pay, our recompence, while we
Conſume our flocks in ſacrifice to thee?

The Paſſion of Dido

While thus he pours his grief before the ſhrines
And Sacred Altars; mighty Jove inclines,
Looking on Carthage and the amorous paire
Who in their pleaſure quench all nobler care.
He thus beſpeaks his ſwift Ambaſſadour;
Go, Son, and hie thee to the Tyrian ſhore
And to the Dardan Prince (whoſe generous fire
Is now betrayed by Love, and low deſire)
This meſſage bear, 'Twas not this deſtiny
His faireſt Mother promiſ'd us when ſhe

Pre-

Preſerv'd him from the powerfull Arms of Grece;
She gave us then far other hopes then theſe,
That he from conquer'd Alba ſhould extend
His Empire to the Worlds remoteſt end,
And ſpread the fame of Teucer's mighty race.
If in his thoughts theſe honours have no place,
If he have loſt all ſenſe of high renown;
Ah can he yet envy the Towers of Rome
To his Aſcanius and fair Latium's ſway?
This meſſage to the Phrygian Prince convay,

And bid him hoise his sayles. Swift Mercury
Takes the command, and through the Ayr doth fly
His shining wings of Gold, and in his hand
The Ensigne, of his power, his sacred wand;
That wand which long-clos'd eyes doth blesse with (light
And seals up others in eternall night.
With this he cuts the Ayr, and yielding Clouds;
At length sees Atlas top, Atlas which shrouds
His pine-Crown'd head in Heaven, and doth sustain
Incessant stormes of new form'd wind and rain.

Here

Here firſt he ſtoops low as the earth, and then
Imployes his wings with all their ſpeed agen:
Till the vaſt ſeas orepaſt and Lybia's ſands
He ſlacks his Courſe at Carthage, and there Lands.
Where when arriv'd he finds the Trojan King
Viewing the Walls, intent in ordering
The ſtrength and beauty of the new-raiſ'd Town
To whom the wing'd Cyllenius thus begun:
Ah, too, too mindleſſe of your own affairs,
Your thoughts immerſt in leſſe concerning cares,

The Passion of Dido

Can you in Tyrian wealth and greatneſs joy?
And Carthage build, forgetfull of your Troy?
Great Jove, who rules and fills the ſpacious All
The evermoving Spheers, the fixed Ball,
Sends me to aske, With what unbleſt deſign
You do the hopes of better fates reſigne,
And glory due to Teucer's mighty race:
If in your thoughts theſe honours have no place,
If you have loſt all ſenſe of high renown;
Ah, can you yet envy the towers of Rome

To your Aſcanius, and fair Latium's ſway?
Hermes (this ſaid) returns the ayery way
He came; but cold Amazement doth ſurprize
Æneas ſpeechleſſe tongue and fixed Eyes:
His pious fears urge him in haſte to fly
The too Lov'd Land and dear captivity.
But this reſolv'd, what way is left t'infuſe
Th'unhappy Queen with this unwelcome news?
A thouſand counſells wander in his mind
Now here, now there, ſucceſſively inclin'd

This he prefers, he calls Eurilochus
The bold Cloanthus, truſted Mneſtheus,
Gives them in charge that they the fleet prepare
Gather their troops but yet diſguiſe their care
That he mean while will to the Queen impart
At ſome fit time his much divided heart:
Or when his Canvas-wings are ſpread to fly
Impute to heaven the ſad Neceſſity.
Thus he reſolves and thus commands theſe Peers
But nothing can eſcape the wakefull fears

Of the enamour'd Queen, whoſe tender breaſt
Preſages all, by the firſt change impreſt
Before the ill arrives : already Fame
(Which lately did the Lybian Prince inflame)
Now takes delight to ſpred this ill report,
That the glad Phygians ro their ſhips reſort
Preparing flight. The Jealous Queen purſues
Through every part the much amazing news.
The more ſhe hears, the more inrag'd with grief
Shee thus at laſt invades the Trojan Chief.

Could

The Paſsion of Dido

Could thy diſſembling heart conſent to fly
This Hated Land in cruell ſecrecy ?
Perfidious man, canſt thou ſo ſoon remove
The bands of vows, and dearer bands of Love ?
Nor ſpare one word ? nor ſhed one tear to ſave
My Life deſcending to the cruell grave ?
Why yet in Winter to the ſtorming Maine
Doſt thou expoſe thy wandring fleet again ?
Cruell and falſe ! didſt thou not ſeek a land
Unknown ? did now the Antient Ilium ſtand,

Wer

Were this a time through hazards such as these
To seek thy Troy through Winter winds and Seas?
Whom dost thou flye? By these unfained tears
I do adjure thee, by these loving fears,
By my own life, or (what is more) by thine,
By all that hath oblig'd Thee yet of mine,
Pitty my fall, and shew at least some grace
To these my prayrs, if prayrs may yet have place.
For thee, the hate and envy I support
Of the Numidians and the Lybian Court;

The Passion of Dido

For thee I have displeas'd my Own, and lost
That modesty, which I alone could boast;
That better fame, by which I had surviv'd
My funerall fire and after death had liv'd.
What have I left, or whither shall I fly?
Shall I attend Pigmalion's cruelty?
Or till Iarbus do in fetters Lead
The proud despiser of his love and bed?
I never could have thought my self undone,
Had but kind Heaven indulg'd me with a Son

Resemblin

Reſembling thee, in whoſe (though Childiſh) face
I might retrive thy Look and princely grace.
Sad *Dido* pauſes here. The Trojan Chief
Reſtrains within the motions of his grief,
Then thus replyes; You never can repeat,
Great Queen, the ſum of my unqueſtion'd Debt,
Nor while my active Soul informes this frame,
Ever ſhall I forget Eliza's Name.
I urge no more, Let it ſuffice that I
In thankleſſe ſilence never meant to fly;

The Paſſion of Dido

Nor did I ever to thoſe bonds pretend
Which now you charge me as a faithleſſe friend;
Had I bin truſted to deſign my fate,
When Troy betrayed fell by the Grecians hate,
I from the aſhes of that dear-lov'd Town
Had there reſtor'd another Ilium.
But now the Lycian Oracle commands,
Apollo now aſſignes th'Auſonian Lands,
And thither bids us ſend our thoughts and care
And only fix our expectation there.

Fair

Fair Carthage you and your own work ſurvay
A ſtranger born a forrain Scepter ſway.
And ſhall it be a crime (ah laſs!) if we
Deſire at laſt to reſt in Italy?
No night doth paſs in which I do not ſee
The old Anchiſes image beckning me;
Nor is there day in which I not reflect
On my Aſcanius, and that lov'd aſpect
To whom by fate th' Heſperian Town is due.
Hither of late Joves winged Herald flew

Nor did he in deluſive Dreams appear;
A wake, I did the angry meſſage hear.
Then faireſt Queen do not this fate withſtand,
Unwillingly I leave your Happy Land.
While thus he talks, the much diſtempered Dame
Incenſt within, breaks forth into this flame.
Nor wer't thou of the gentle Goddeſſe breed,
Nor art thou ſprung from great Anchiſes ſeed,
Perfidious man! but from ſome ſavage ſtock
Hewn from the Marble of ſome Mountain Rock

For why ſhould I diſguiſe this height of ill
And ſtill deceiv'd expect new favour ſtill?
Did he let fall one pitt'ying word, one tear?
Or did he with one ſigh my paſſion hear?
What ſhall I do? for now alaſſe, I ſee
That neither Juno daignes to favour me,
Nor Jove himſelf looks down with equall eyes,
The earth is faithleſſe, faithleſſe are the skies.
Shipwrackt and caſt upon the barren ſhore,
Purſu'd by cruell fates, forſaken, poor,

The Paſſion of Dido

I gave thee harbour in my ſimple breaſt
Ah ill-adviſ'd, ah too-unmindfull gueſt
I ſav'd thy fleet, thy friends, and faithleſſe Thee;
But now (forſooth) Apollo's Augury
The Oracles are urged to incite,
And angry Jove commands thy ſudden flight,
Is Heaven concern'd? doth care of humane fate
Diſturb the calmeneſſe of th'Immortall State?
Thou hearſt me not, regardleſſe of my cry,
Go then and through the Seas ſeek Italy,

Through

Through the deaf Seas and through the angry Wind,
And ſuch compaſſion as thou uſeſt find:
There mayſt thou call on *Dido's* name in vain,
Ile follow thee, be preſent in thy paine.
And when cold death ſhall this mixt-frame divide,
My Ghoſt ſhall lacquey by thy frighted ſide,
Thou dearly ſhalt repent; the news of this
Shall overtake my ſoul, and give it bliſſe.
Nor waiting anſwer from the Prince ſhe flyes,
And wiſhes ſhe had power to ſhun all eyes

But fainting soon and to her chamber led
She threw her self upon her Ivory bed.
Pious Æneas, though his noble breast
Softned by love was with much grief oppreſt,
Though faine he would with gentle words aſswage
The Queens high paſſion and divert hir rage,
Suſpends not yet his Heaven-inſpired care
But does his fleet without delay prepare.
The Trojans ply the work, the buſie Maine
Is fill'd with noiſe, the Ships now float again:

On

On every ſide are ſeen deſcending down
Long troops which bring proviſion from the Town.
So when the winter-fearing Ants invade
Some heaps of Corn the Husbandman had made;
The Sable Army marches, and with prey
Laden return, preſsing the Leafy way,
Some help the weaker, and their ſhoulders lend,
Others the order of the march attend,
Bring up the troops, and puniſh all delay.
What were thy thoughts, ſad *Dido*, on that day?

How

The Paſſion of Dido

How deep thy ſighs? when from thy Tower above
Thou ſeeſt the Phrygians in ſuch order move
And hear'ſt the Tumult of the Clamorous Sea.

All-conquering Love! who can reſiſt thy ſway?
Once more the Queen to humble tears deſcends,
And Language to her grief once more ſhe lends,
That ſhe might leave no remedy untry'd
Nor Counſell unexplor'd, before ſhe dy'd.

Anna, ſhe ſaid, thou ſeeſt the peopled Sea,
The Phrygians now their fatall Anchors weigh

Read

eady to looſe; I feel their great Chief's ſcorn
Vhich if foreſeen I might perhaps have born.
ut now I make this one, this laſt requeſt,
ou in this faithleſſe man have intereſt
ou know his gentleſt times, and beſt can find
Vhat wayes are left to mollify his mind.
o then and uſe all Pitty-moving Art
nd if you can ſoften his harder heart.
Not I at Aulis, did with Greece conſpire
or did I bring one brand to Troy's laſt fire

The Paſsion of Dido

I never rent Anchises Honour'd Tomb,
Why ſhould he then my ſad entreaty ſhun?
I do not urge (as once) our marriage tyes
Thoſe ſacred bonds which now he does deſpiſe,
Nor that he would fair Italy reſigne
I only aske reſpite, and breathing time,
Till my dejected mind learne to comply
(Taught by degrees) with ſo great miſery.
¶ All this her weeping Siſter does repeat
To the ſterne man, whom nothing could intreat.

oſt here her prayrs and fruitleſſe were her tears,
re and great Jove had ſtop't his gentle Eares.
s when loud winds a well-grown Oak would rend
lp by the roots, this way and that they bend
is reeling Trunk, and with a boiſterous ſound
catter his leaves and ſtrew them on the ground:
e fixed ſtands, as deep his root doth ly
own to the Center as his top is high.
o leſſe on every ſide the Hero preſt
eels Love and pitty ſhake his noble breſt.

And down his Cheeks though fruitleſſe tears do ro

Unmov'd remaines the purpoſe of his ſoul.

Then *Dido* urged with approaching fate

Begins the light of cruell Heaven to hate;

Her reſolution to diſpatch and dye

Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy.

The water conſecrate for ſacrifice

Appears all black to her amazed eyes

The wine to putrid bloud converted flows

Which from her, none, not her own ſiſter knows.

Beſide

Beſides there ſtood as ſacred to her Lord
A marble Temple which ſhe much ador'd,
With ſnowy fleeces and freſh garlands Crown'd,
Hence every night proceeds a dreadfull ſound.
Her husbands voyce invites her to his Tomb
And diſmall Owls preſage the ills to come.
Beſides, the propheſies of Wizards old
Increaſt her terrour and her fall foretold.
Scorn'd and deſerted to her ſelf ſhe ſeems
And finds *Æneas* cruell in her dreames.

So

So, to mad Pentheus, double Thebes appears,
And furies howle in his distempered eares.
Orestes so with like Distraction tost
Is made to fly his Mothers angry ghost.
Now grief and fury at their height arrive,
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved Sister with a cheerfull grace
(Hope well-dissembled shining in her face)
She thus deceives. (Dear Sister) let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.

Beyond the Land of Æthiopia lyes
The place where Atlas doth ſupport the skies;
Hence came an old Magician that did keep
Th'Heſperian fruit, and made the Dragon ſleep.
Her potent charmes do troubled ſouls relieve
And where ſhe liſts, makes calmeſt minds to grieve,
The courſe of Rivers or of Heaven can ſtop,
And call trees down from th'ayry mountains top.
Witneſſe the Gods, and thou my deareſt part,
How loath am I to tempt this guilty Art.

The Paſſion of Dido

Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed where I my ruine did imbrace.
With all the reliques of our impious gueſt,
Armes, ſpoyles, and preſents; Let the Pile be dreſt,
(The knowing-woman thus preſcribes) that we
May rouz the man out of our memory;
Thus ſpeaks the Queen, but hides the fatall end
For which ſhe doth thoſe ſacred rites pretend.
Nor worſe effects of grief her Siſter thought
Would follow, than Sychæus murder wrought,

Therefore

Therefore obeys her; and now heaped high
The Cloven Oaks and lofty Pines do ly,
Hung all with wreaths and flowry Garlands round;
So by her self was her own funerall Crown'd.
Upon the top, the Trojan image lyes,
And his sharp Sword wherewith anon she dyes.
They by the altar stand, while with loose hair
The Magick Propheteſs begins her prayr
On Chao's, Erebus, and all the Gods,
Which in th'infernall shades, have their aboads

She loudly calls besprinkling all the room
With drops suppos'd from Lethes lake to come.
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of newfoal'd Colts, and herbs by moon-light mowes.
A Cake of Leven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen and barefoot stands,
One tender foot was bare, the other shod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking every God
And every power, if any be above
Which takes regard of ill-requited love.

Now

for Æneas.

Now was the time when weary mortalls ſteep
Their carefull temples in the dew of ſleep.
On ſeas on earth, and all that in them dwell
A deathlike quiet, and deep ſilence fell,
But not on *Dido*, whoſe untamed mind
Refuſ'd to be by ſacred night confin'd.
A double paſſion in her breaſt does move
Love and fierce anger for neglected Love,
Thus ſhe afflicts her ſoul, What ſhall I doo
With fate inverted, ſhall I humbly woo?

The Paſſion of Dido

And ſome proud Prince in wild Numidia born
Pray to accept me and forget my ſcorn?
Or ſhall I with th'ungratefull Trojan goe,
Quit all my ſtate, and waite upon my Foe?
Is not enough by ſad experience known,
The perjur'd race of falſe Laomedon?
With my Sidonians ſhall I give them chaſe?
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No, dy, and let this ſword thy fury tame,
Nought but thy bloud can quench thy guilty flame.

Ah

Ah Sister! vanquisht with my passion thou
Betraidst me first, dispensing with my vow.
Had I bin constant to Sycheus still
And single-liv'd, I had not known this ill.
Such thoughts torment the Queen's inraged breast,
While the Dardanian does securely rest
In his tall ship for sudden flight prepar'd,
To whom once more the Son of Jove appear'd:
Thus seem'd to speak the youthfull Diety,
Voice, Hair, and Colour all like Mercury.

The Passion of Dido

Fair Venus seed! Canst thou indulge thy sleep?
Nor better guard in such great danger keep,
Mad by neglect to lose so fair a wind?
If here thy ships the purple morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine
With a new fleet, and fire, to ruine thine.
She meditates revenge resolv'd to dy,
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.
This said, the God in shades of Night retir'd
Amaz'd *Æneas* with the warning fir'd

Shakes

Shakes off dull ſleep, and rouzing up his men,
Behold! the Gods command our flight agen,
Fall to your oars, and all your Canvas ſpread,
What God ſoe'er that thus vouchſaf'ſt to lead
We follow gladly and thy will obey,
Aſſiſt us ſtil ſmoothing our happy way,
And make the reſt propitious. With that word
He cuts the Cable with his ſhining ſword;
Through all the Navy doth like ardour raign
They quit the ſhore and ruſh into the Main

Plac't on their banks, the luſty Trojan ſweep
Nuptunes ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.
Aurora now leaving her watry bed,
Colours the Eaſt with a prefaging Red;
Soon as the Dawn began to cleer the ſky,
Down to the ſhore the ſad Queen caſt her Ey;
Where when ſhe doth the empty port ſurvay,
And now the fleet with wings diſplay'd at Sea,
Her hands held up, her golden treſſes torne,
Muſt we, ſaies ſhe, of force indure this ſcorn?

Can we not have recourſe to arms? not meet
This fraud with fraud? not burn this wicked fleet?
Haſt, fly, purſue, row, and let every hand
Snatch up with ſpeed ſome ſwift revenging brand.
Where am I now? alaſs what words are theſe
How late this hope? ſee how they plow the ſeas,
Inhappy *Dido*! cruell fate devoures
Thy wretched Life, thou feel'ſt the angry powers,
This rage had once bin fitter then thy love,
See how he doth his far-fam'd faith approve!

He

The Paſsion of Dido

He who through burning Ilium(as they ſay)
Did bear his Country gods untoucht away,
Who through the flames the old Anchiſes led,
Why ſaw I not the perjur'd Villain dead?
Why did I not on ſlaine Iulus feaſt
And at that banquet make the Father gueſt?
Suppoſe there had bin doubt in the ſucceſſe
What could I fear of all left comfortleſs?
I ſhould have ruin'd all, Father and Son,
And the whole ſtock, and then my ſelf among.

for Æneas.

Thou Sun who with thy light doſt all ſurvay,
And Juno, witneſſe to that fatall day,
Which ſeal'd our loves, revengefull Hecaté,
And all ye powers that ſee Eliza dy
Receive theſe prayrs, if, all ſea-dangers paſt,
The Trojan needs muſt reach ſome ſhore at laſt;
If nothing can withſtand this fixt decree,
A peacefull land yet may he never ſee.
War entertain him and a haughty foe
And may he never one calme ſlumber know.

Thou Hatred

Hatred purſue him, furies give him chaſe
And rend Iülus from his dear imbrace;
Himſelf at laſt without a grave expoſ'd
A prey to Vultures in no urne incloſ'd.
I forme my lateſt breath into this prayer:
And ô ye Tyrians be it then your care
T' afflict with war this race in time to come,
And ſend ſuch bloudy offerings to my Tomb.
Our ſeas their ſeas, our ſhores their ſhores oppoſe,
Our armes their armes, and be our Children foes:

Here

Here ſighing deep revolving in her mind,
What way ſhe might the freeeſt paſſage find
From hated life. Bercea ſtanding by
Nurſe to Sycheus; Deareſt nurſe, ſaies ſhe,
Go call my Siſter, tell her I prepare
The magick rites, ordain'd to heal my care.
But be ſhe firſt with water ſprinkled thrice
And with her bring th'appoynted ſacrifice.
And you, with pious wreaths your temples bound,
Enter the circle of the holy ground:

Ile

The Passion of Dido

Ile give the Trojans Image to the fire,
As that consumes so shall my grief expire.
The aged Nurse obeys with trembling hast
And now the Queen all bounds of sorrow past
Her heart oppresst, her Visage wan and pale
And her whole mind bent on her funerall,
Goes to the place, where stood the sacred Pile;
And here diverted by her grief a while
Melted in tears, at first she doth behold
The Trojans Image, sword, and robes of gold.

Dear reliques, saies she, while the powers above
Were so content, the objects of my love,
But now my sad reproaches; at that word
She mounts the Pile, and draws the shining sword.
What 'tis to live, enough saies she I know;
And to the wil of fate I nothing ow.
Nor shall I now a worthlesse Ghost descend,
Having with honour first reveng'd my friend,
Built him a stately Town, happy and more
Had the false Trojan never toucht this shore.

Then lifting up her hands to ſtrike, ſhall I
Dye unreveng'd ſhe ſaies, however dy.
Forſaken thus, thus to the ſhades I haſt,
And blot out all remembrance of the paſt.
May the falſe Trojan ſee theſe flames from far
And in his thoughts the fatal omen bare!
With this the bloud came ruſhing from her ſide
Deep in her breaſt the reeking ſword was dy'd.
Her frighted Servants in diſtraction run
And with their Cries they fill th'amazed Town.

Such

Such is the noiſe when the prevailing foes
Enter a breach and ſlaughter over-flowes.
Her frantick Siſter with a furious pace
Pierc't to the heart comes running to the place.
Ah Deareſt! ſaies ſhe, was this fraud for me
Theſe altars dreſt, for ſuch a tragedy?
Why was I not invited to thy fate,
Nor made thy Partner in thy worſt eſtate?
Ah! you have ſlain your ſelf and me and all
People and Nobles in one funerall.

The Paſſion of Dido

O give me leave, if yet you not reſign
Your lateſt breath, to ſuck that ſoul with mine,
With that ſhe doth the high raiſ'd Pile aſcend
And weeping doth imbrace her dying friend;
Thrice on her armes the Queen ſupports her head
And thrice again falls grovelling on her bed.
Thrice with diſcloſ'd eyes ſhe ſeeks the light
And thrice with ſighing folds again her ſight.
Then Juno looking with a pittying ey
Upon ſo ſad and laſting miſery

Since

for Æneas.

Since deepeſt wounds can no free paſſage give
To ſelf-deſtroyers who refuſe to live
Sent Iris down to cut the fatall hayr
Which done, her whole life vaniſht into Ayr;

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241. The Spartan Ladyes.
242. The Diſcreet Lover or the Fool would be a Favorite
243. *Oſman* the Great *Turk* or the Noble Servant.
} By *Lodowick Carlell* Gent.

244. More Diſſemblers then Women.
245. Women beware Women.
246. No Witt / Help like a Womans.
} By *Tho. Midleton*, Gent.